

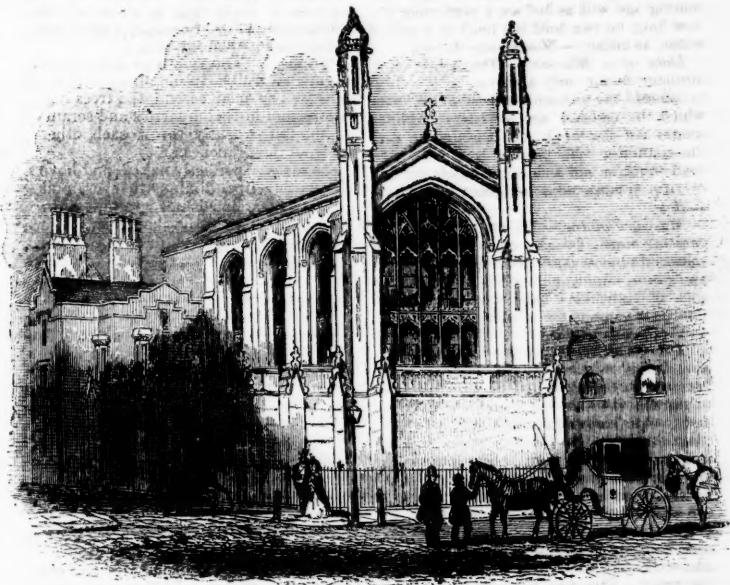
# The Mirror

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*Palmer's Glyptography.*

## Original Communications.

### THE NEW FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH, ALDERSGATE STREET.

THIS ornamental novelty stands in one of the most ancient streets of London, a street in which nobles and statesmen once resided. Such an erection is a monument of the folly and bigotry of some of the monarchs of France, who, by their absurd but atrocious persecutions, drove away many of their best subjects to aid, by their industry and talent, that country which was then deemed (happily the idea is now exploded it may be hoped for ever) the natural enemy of France. This monstrous delusion, which caused sages supposed to be good, and who aimed at being celebrated as great, to make themselves the un pitying enemies of men who differed from them in matters of faith, compelled thousands of

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pious Protestants to fly from their native land. Here and in other countries they were received with open arms, and allowed to worship the Almighty in that way which their hearts had learned to approve.

Some idea of the virtue and amiable nature of the leading men who thus made themselves conspicuous at different periods will be gained from the sketch of Anne de Montmorency, which appears in another part of our present number.

The church, of which this is the representative or successor, it will be collected, from what has been stated, is of some antiquity. Maitland, in 1756, writes of it thus:—

“An episcopal French church, which assembles in the small remains of the ancient parish church of St Martin Orgar; part of the tower, the nave thereof, being found capable of repairs after the fire of

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London: of which the following is the best account we are able to collect:—

"A bill of parliament being engrossed for the erecting a church for the French Protestants sojourning in London, in the churchyard of this parish of St Martin Orgar, after the great fire; the parishioners offered reasons to the parliament against it, declaring, nevertheless, that they were not against erecting a church, but against erecting it in the place mentioned in the bill: since by the act for rebuilding the city, the site and churchyard of St Martin Orgar, was directed to be enclosed with a wall, and laid open for a burying place for the parish.

"The said act was for confirming a lease of the churchyard, made from the parson and churchwardens of the said parish unto certain trustees for fifty years, to erect a church there for French Protestants, with liberty for the parson and churchwardens, during the said term, to renew the said lease for fifty years, and so on. This was agreed on at a vestry: but many of the parishioners not knowing of this that was done, and so without and contrary to their assent, now put up their reasons against passing the bill. But, notwithstanding, the bill passed; and there is a French episcopal church there at this time."

The edifice represented above was only completed in August last. It stands at the corner of Bull-and-Mouth street, opposite the Post-office yard. It has a residence for the minister attached.

#### ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—MAJOR HARRIS'S TRAVELS.

THE session of the Ethnological Society has opened under very favourable circumstances. Its members have increased; and each succeeding meeting has a higher interest attached to it than belonged to its predecessor. The members continue to assemble at Dr Hodgkin's, in Lower Brook street; and at the sitting of last week a very important paper on Abyssinia, by Major Harris, was read by Dr King. The major, favoured by various incidents, has had extraordinary instances of making himself acquainted with Africa, and the character, habits, and languages of its inhabitants; and he exhibited to the society many curious objects produced by their industry; some of which, though unlike European ornaments, were by no means wanting in elegance. The Africans of that part of the continent which he has visited appear to acquire the arts of civilized nations with great facility. We are enabled to gratify our readers with a few extracts:

"The country inhabited by the Doko is clothed with a dense forest of bamboo, in the depths of which the people construct their rude wigwams of bent canes and grass. They have no king, no laws, no arts, no

arms; possess neither flocks nor herds; are not hunters; do not cultivate the soil, but subsist entirely upon fruits, roots, mice, serpents, reptiles, ants, and honey. They beguile serpents by whistling, and having torn them piecemeal with their long nails, devour them raw, fire being unknown in the land: but although the forests abound with elephants, buffaloes, lions, and leopards, they have no means of destroying or entrapping them. A large tree, called loko, is found, amongst many other species, attaining an extraordinary height; the roots of which, when scraped, are red, and serve for food. The yebo and meytee are the principal fruits; to obtain which, women as well as men ascend the trees like monkeys, and in their quarrels and scrambles not unfrequently throw each other down from the branches.

"Both sexes go perfectly naked; and have thick pouting lips, diminutive eyes, and flat noses. The hair is not woolly, and in the female reaches to the shoulders. The nails, never pared, grow both on the hands and feet like eagle's talons, and are employed in digging for ants. They perforate the ears in infancy with a pointed bamboo, so as to leave nothing save the external cartilage; but they neither tattoo nor pierce the nose. The only ornament worn is a necklace, composed of the spine of a serpent. The men have no beards. The hair does not turn grey with age, nor do they become blind; and sickness being unknown in the country, they usually die a natural death, falling like the autumnal leaves when the number of their years is accomplished.

"After the birth of an infant, the mother soon accustoms it to eat ants and reptiles; and abandons it the moment it is capable of shifting for itself. Marriage is unknown amongst the Doko. They are prolific, and their redundant population affords the wealth of the slave dealer. The rovers of Enarea proceed in large bodies into the wilderness; and, holding a gay cloth before their persons, dance and sing in a peculiar manner; when the defenceless pigmies, knowing from sad experience that all who attempt to escape will be ruthlessly hunted down, and perhaps slain, tamely approach, and suffer the cloth to be thrown over their heads. They are most frequently found in high trees; and enticed down by the offer of ants, reptiles, and salt.

"One hundred merchants can thus kidnap a thousand Dokos; and from ignorance of all countries lying beyond that of their nativity, the captives make no attempt to escape. They are nevertheless tied up until accustomed to eat bread, to which at first they display a great aversion, as also to any food which has undergone a culinary process; and long after their enslavement they are prone to their old habits of digging

for ants, or searching for mice, lizards, and serpents. On account of their docility and usefulness, as well as of their few wants, none are ever sold by the slave dealers out of the country around the Gochob; and the same rule is observed by the people of Kosboo and Dumbaro, during whose inroads into the dense forests of bamboo, the creaking of which is represented to be loud and incessant, fierce and bloody struggles often take place with the other hunters of men.

"Agreeing in every respect with the type of Herodotus, the Doko are unquestionably the pigmies of the ancients, who describe them as found only in tropical Africa. Nothing that is related of these people, whether as respects stature or habits, is either preposterous or unworthy of credit; nor do the descriptions given of them differ in any very material points from what is known of the bushmen of Southern Africa, amongst whom I have been. It is a curious fact that the people of Caffa represent their forefather, 'Boogazee,' to have issued from a cave in a forest—a tradition which cannot fail to call to mind the Troglodytes of the Father of History, also described as inhabitants of this portion of the continent."

Of the people of Zingero we have the following traits and superstitions:—

"Immediately upon the birth of a male child, the mamma are amputated, from a belief that no warrior can be brave who possesses them, and that they should belong only to women. This fact is fully corroborated in the persons of the few prisoners of war who reach the kingdom of Shoa, the majority committing suicide when doomed to exile. Prior to the conquest of Zingero, no male slave was ever sold; a practice which is said to have originated in the criminality of one of the daughters of Eve. A certain king of old commanded a man of rank to slaughter his wife, her flesh having been prescribed by the sorcerers as the only cure for a malady wherewith his majesty was grievously afflicted. Returning to his house for the purpose of executing the royal mandate, the noble found his fair partner sleeping, and her beauty disarming him, his hand refused to perpetrate the murderous deed. Hereupon the despot, waxing wrath, directed the lady to slay her husband, which she did without remorse or hesitation, and thus brought odium upon the whole sex, who have since been considered fit only to become slaves and drudges.

"Human sacrifices have ever been, and still are, frightfully common in Zingero. When exporting slaves from that country, the merchant invariably throws a female into the river Ume, in form of a tribute or propitiatory offering to the genius of the water. It is the duty of a large portion of the population to bring their first-

born as a sacrifice to the Deity, a custom which tradition assigns to the advice of the sorcerers. In days of yore, it is said that the seasons became jumbled. There was neither summer nor winter, and the fruits of the earth came not to maturity. Having assembled the magicians, the king commanded them to show how this state of things might be rectified, and the rebellious seasons reduced to order. The wise men counselled the cutting down of a great pillar of iron which stood before the gate of the capital, and the pedestal whereof remains to the present time. This had the effect desired; but in order to prevent a relapse into the former chaos of confusion, the magi directed that the pillar, as well as the footstool of the throne, might be annually deluged in human blood, in obedience to which a tribute was levied upon the first-born, who are immolated on the spot."

We now give the traveller's description of some eminent individuals:—

"The governor, or, in fact, the king of all the Galla now dependent on Shod, is Abogaz Mareleh, who resides at Wouabadera, south of Augollallah. At first a bitter enemy of Sahela Selassic, this haughty warrior chief, renowned for his bravery, was finally gained over by bribes and by promises of distinction and advancement, which have actually been fulfilled. Partly by force, and partly by soft words and judicious intermarriages with chiefs of the various tribes, he contrives to keep in some sort of order the wild spirits over whom he presides, but is taxed with want of proper severity, and, though still high in favour, has more than once been suspected of divulging the imperial projects.

"Abba Mooalle, the governor of Moogher and the surrounding Galla in the west, was also formerly very inimical to Shod, but being won over to the royal interests by the espousal of his sister, and by the conferment of extensive power, with the hand of one of the princesses royal, he was four years since converted to Christianity, when the king became his sponsor. The valuable presents which he is enabled to make to the throne, owing to his proximity to the high caravan road from the interior, preserve him a distinguished place in the estimation of the Negroes, than whom he is little inferior in point of state. At constant war with the Galla occupying the country to the westward between Sublala Moogher and Gojam, he hastily assembles his troops twice or thrice during the year, and making eagle-like descents across the Nile, at the head of ten thousand cavalry, rarely fails to recruit the royal herds with a rich harvest of cattle.

"Domo, who resides in the mountains of Yerrur, was educated in the palace, and

his undeviating attachment to the crown has been rewarded with the hand of one of the king's illegitimate daughters. Botu, Shambo, and Domo, are the sons of Bunnie, whose father, Borri, governed the entire tract styled Ghera Meder, the country on the left, which includes all the Galla tribes bordering on both sides of the Hawash, in the South of Shoa. Bunnie was, in consequence of some transgression, imprisoned in Aramba, and Batora, another potent Galla chieftain, appointed in his stead; but this impolitic transfer of power creating inveterate hatred between the two families, each strove to destroy the other. Bunnie was in consequence liberated, and restored to his government, but resting incautiously under a tree on his return not long afterwards from a successful expedition against the Drusi, whom he had defeated, he was suddenly surrounded by the enemy, and slain, together with four chiefs, his confederates, and nearly the whole of his followers. His sons were then severally invested with governments, and Boku, the son of Batora, was, at his father's demise, entrusted with the preservation of the avenues to the lake Zosai, long an object of the royal ambition.

"Among the most powerful Galla chieftains who own allegiance to Shoa is Jara, the son of Chamme, *soi-disant* Queen of Woolopalada, who, since the demise of her husband, has governed that and other provinces adjacent. Sahela Selassie, who it will be seen relies more upon political marriages than upon the force of arms, sent matrimonial overtures to this lady, and received for answer the haughty message, 'that if he would spread the entire road from Angollallah with rich carpets, she might perhaps listen to the proposal, but upon no other conditions.' The Christian lances poured over the land to avenge this insult, and the invaded tribe laid down their arms; but Gobana, foster-brother to Jara, and a mighty man of renown, finding that his majesty proposed burning their hamlets without reservation, rose to oppose the measure. At this critical moment an Amhara trumpeter raised his trombone to his lips. The Galla, believing the instrument to be none other than a musket, fled in consternation, and their doughty chieftain surrendered himself a prisoner at discretion.

"Upon hearing to whom he had relinquished his liberty, Gobana, almost broken-hearted, abandoned himself to despair, and refused all sustenance for many days. The hand of the fair daughter of the queen was eventually the price of his ransom, and on the celebration of the nuptials, the king, who with reference to his conquest of Mootofalada might have exclaimed with the Roman dictator, *veni, vidi, vici*, conferred upon Ihara

the government of all the subjugated Galla as far as the sources of the Hawash, and to the Nile in the West."

With his admirable notice of some of the superstitions of the Galla people, we conclude:—

"Two great annual sacrifices are made to the deities Ogli and Aléti, the former between June and July, the latter in the beginning of September. A number of goats having been slain, the lubah, or priest, wearing a tuft of long hair on his crown, proceeds with a bell in his hand, and his brows encircled by a fillet of copper, to divine from the caul and entrails whether or not success will attend the warriors in battle. This point determined by the soothsayer, the assembled multitude, howling and screaming like demons, continue to surfeit themselves with raw meat, to swallow beer, and to inhale smoke to intoxication until midnight; invoking Wak, the supreme being, to grant numerous progeny, lengthened years, and abundant crops, as well as to cause their spears to prevail over those of their foes; and when sacrificing to the goddess Aleli, exclaiming frequently, 'Lady, we commit ourselves unto thee, stay thou with us always.'

"In Enarea, notwithstanding the conversion to Mahomedanism of so large a portion of the population, sacrifices are still made to Wak on the festival of Hedar Michael, which, together with the sabbath, is strictly observed by all the Galla tribes. The Ooda is at Betcho, and under its sacred shade all priests are ordained, even the followers of the prophet placing blood upon it as a superstitious oblation. Thousands upon thousands of the heathens having assembled, the lubah sprinkles over the crowd first beer, then an amalgamation of unroasted coffee and butter, and lastly flour and butter mixed in a separate mess. A white-coloured bull is then slaughtered, and its blood scattered abroad to complete the ceremonies; which are followed by eating, drinking, and drunkenness.

"The kalicha is the Galla physician, and armed with a bell and copper whip, his skill in the expulsion of the devil is rarely known to fail. A serpent is profitable; and the patient rubbed with butter, fumigated with potent herbs, and exorcised, a few strokes of the whip being administered, until the cure is perfected. No Amhara will slay either a lubah or a kalicha under any circumstances, from a superstitious dread of their dying curse; and Galla sorceresses are frequently called in by the Christians of Shoa, to transfer sickness or to rid the house of evil spirits by cabalistic incantations, performed with the blood of ginger-coloured hens, and red goats.

"But among the Galla sorceries and

soothsayers the Wato, inhabiting the mountain Dalacha, near the sources of the Hawash, are the most universally celebrated. Neither Pagan nor Christian will molest this tribe, from superstitious apprehension entertained of their malediction, and from a desire to obtain their blessing; whilst he who receives the protection of a Wato, may travel with perfect security over every part of the country inhabited by the Galla. The nuptials of Woosen Suggud having been blessed by one of these magicians after the queen had been many years barren, the prediction was speedily verified in the person of Sahela Solasie; and his majesty, holding himself under a lasting debt of gratitude, has never attempted the subjugation of these dwellers on the hill-top, although his conquests have extended far beyond their dominions.

"Subsisting entirely by the chase, they wander from lake to lake, and from river to river, destroying the hippopotamus, upon the flesh of which they chiefly live, whereas no other heathen will touch it. Feared and respected, and claiming to themselves the original stock of the Orome nation, they deem all other clans unclean, from having mixed with Mahomedans and Christians; and refusing on this account to intermarry, remain to this day a separate and distinct people.

"All barbarians are orators, and the euphonic language of the Galla, which unfortunately can boast of no written character, is admirably adapted to embellish their eloquent and impressive delivery. Cradled in the unexplored heights of Æthiopia, many of the customs of these fierce, illiterate idolators are closely and remarkably allied to those of the more civilized nations of antiquity. Seeking presages, like the Romans and Etrurians, in the flight of birds, and in the entrails of slaughtered sacrifices—wearing the hair braided like the ancient Egyptians, and like them sleeping with the head supported by a wooden crutch—wedding the relict of a deceased brother according to the Mosaic dispensation, and bowing the knee to the old serpent—an acquaintance with these wild invaders suggests to the speculations of curiosity novel proofs of their origin when referred to a common parent; nor are these a little enhanced by the existence of a prophecy that their herds are one day to quit the highlands of their usurpation, and march into the east and to the north to conquer the inheritance of their Jewish ancestors."

Major Harris is the celebrated traveller who has recently returned from Abyssinia with a costly collection of presents for her Majesty, from the reigning King of Shoa, to whom Major Harris had been accredited on a diplomatic mission by the British Government.

#### QUINTIN MATSYS' PICTURE AT WINDSOR CASTLE, ERRONEOUSLY TERMED "THE MISERS."

It is a matter of astonishment that the celebrated painting by Quintin Matsys in the Royal Gallery at Windsor should have been designated "The Misers;" for there is not one trait in the *tableau* to warrant it having such an appellation, the principal figures being intended to represent two "collectors of the gabel;"\* or, as we should call them in England, tax collectors, or money-lenders. Indeed, every part of the picture clearly evidences that it is not the domicile of the miser. The rich pearl suspended from the velvet cap of one of the worthies, and the fur bordering of his gown; the splendid ring on the finger; the table strewn with money, jewels, and other treasures; the *well-fed* parrot on its perch; the *unlocked* door; and the *thick* candle on the shelf, are not to be met with in the habitation of the miser; for 'his home is more gloomy than a prison. About his house all is silence and gloom; it has never heard the voice of joy—it is inert—it opens and shuts, and that is all—cold, empty, dead, silent, joyless, emotionless: it has a cursed hearth, which a spark never cheers—a fearful threshold, over which the very beggar dares not stretch his hand lest it should wither—a famished table, at which the wretched miser sits pining with want, yet gazing on his gold, the darling god of his idolatry.'

Again: who ever saw or read of one of these miserable creatures allowing a brother miser to loll familiarly over his shoulder whilst engaged in writing,—thus having his watchful and ever suspicious attention drawn from the wealth carelessly spread on the table, as shown in Matsys' picture. Misers never herd together; they 'delight not in man or woman either;' the friendship of the one, or the love of the other, are equally disregarded by them. They are themselves alone; the height of their happiness con-

\* The word comes from the French *gabelle*, an impost, which, in former times, pressed with intolerable severity on the poorer classes. In France it was imposed on salt, and where, previous to the revolution in 1789, all persons were obliged to pay a certain sum for that useful production, whether they used it or not. Whilst in other countries, Naples for instance, it was laid on all butchers' meat, oil, wine, tobacco, and, indeed, on everything that could be eaten, drank, or worn by the labouring classes; and there would have been one on fruit, had not Masaniello's rebellion prevented it. The food for the nobles, such as fowls, &c., were free from tax. These gabels were most of them monopolized by wealthy money-lenders, who, having advanced sums to government, were allowed to collect the various gabels until the principal and interest of the monies owing were repaid. It has evidently been the intention of the 'Blacksmith of Antwerp' in the above painting to represent two of these usurers settling their accounts.

sisting in reckoning their money unseen by any one.

"Thrice with slow hand he counts his doubtful store,  
Thrice on its stiff hinge turns the grating door,  
Then starts aghast, and checks his frozen breath,  
While the starv'd spider strikes the watch of death."

G. S.

#### THE TRANSFORMATION.\*

A MAN of grief stood at his casement high,  
And gaz'd afar at the star-lit sky;  
But with no beauty it shone to him,  
For the rays of hope in his breast were dim.

His youth was gone, and his manly prime  
Had yielded long to the snows of time,  
Which o'er his head had gathered now,  
While grief was scorching his throbbing brow.

But oh! it was not that youth had flown,  
Which loaded the night-wind with each deep moan;

'Twas that error had mark'd his wayward path,  
And led him close to the flames of wrath.

He thought of the hours of earliest youth,  
When his parents had shown him the path of truth

In which they walk'd, but long had slept  
That deep repose by the blest ones kept.

And each early friend arose to view—  
Many there were, to piety true,  
Had obey'd her voice, and some still here,  
With a hallow'd influence round their sphere.

But none were so wretched, so lone on earth,  
As he in his fear and spirits dearth;  
Remorse was gnawing with revengeful tooth  
His heart, and he murmur'd, "my youth, my youth."

"Return those hours I lavish'd with more  
Than a wanton's freedom, alas! ye are o'er;  
I should with greater than miser care  
Have valued ye—Heaven! in mercy—spare!"

As he spoke his arrowy thoughts to the tomb  
Wing'd their flight amid darkness and gloom,  
He shudd'ringly gaz'd, for with dread surprise,

A skull with his features seem'd to arise.

It chang'd before him, and soon became  
A youth as he was—could he be the same?  
He was!—oh joy!—'twas an ominous dream,  
And hope burst forth like a radiant beam.

His age was part of that vision dread,  
His crimes were real, despair had fled;  
To long-slighted virtue he quick return'd,  
While his spirit with flames of devotion burn'd.

Oh sons of error, like him retrace  
Those wandering steps—repenting erase  
Recorded guilt, e'er time has flown,  
And the harvest comes for whate'er you have sown.

L. M. S.

#### DE MONTMORENCY.

THIS celebrated commander was distinguished for valour, but for little beside that can give honourable celebrity. He was so ignorant that he could neither read nor write. Heartless and ferocious, he "could smile, and murder while he smiled;" yet for all this he was a fanatic in religion, and his zeal unhappily prompted him to persecute the unhappy Protestants, and to adopt the horrible principle that all who could not be converted to the true Catholic faith ought to be mercilessly put to death.

The champion of the faith, he held it to be his duty to set an example of piety. "Never," says Brantome, "did he fail in his devotions." These were performed every morning in presence of his army. It was a saying among his men that "it was necessary to avoid the constable's paternosters," for while saying them, if any disorder occurred in his camp, he would instantly break out, "Hang such a one—Go and tie that fellow to a tree—Make so-and-so run the gauntlet, or shoot him before me—Cut those rascals to pieces who dare to hold out that tower (from which the tocsin has sounded) against the king—Burn that village—Set fire to every thing for a quarter of a league round;" and these abominable orders he would give without making more than a momentary pause in his devotions, as he was so conscientious that he would have deemed it a great sin against the Majesty of Heaven to have postponed them to another hour. He regularly fasted every Friday.

To his officers his deportment was rude and coarse in the extreme. He scrupled not to call them "asses, calves, and sots." His zeal against the Protestants set him to burn the seats of their places of worship, and gained him the name of Captain Burn Bench. According to the Abbé Longueurau, "He was a real cacique, a leader of savages, harsh, barbarous, and willing to disturb everybody; he believed himself a great general, though he was often defeated, and more than once made prisoner."

An insurrection having broken out at Bourdeaux, De Montmorency was sent against the rebels who had offered to the Duke of Somerset, then Regent of England, to reduce France to its former state of subjection to the English. What followed we quote from the 'Pictorial History of France':—

"The Bordelais population massacred the commandant, Tristan de Monnoies; they opened his body and filled it with salt, to mark their hatred of the salt tax. The parliament, which wished to interpose, was brutally treated at first; and the counselors were forced to mount guard with the common soldiers, and do duty, pike in hand, in the costume of sailors, for the defence of the place. They were, however, soon

\* The leading idea in this poem is imitated from the German of Richer.



called to a severe account. A petty merchant, Francis Lavergne, who had been the first to sound the tocsin, was drawn and quartered opposite the Hotel de Ville; and the sedition had subsided of itself when Francis de Lorraine, Duke d'Aumale, and the Constable Montmorency, 'the grand snarler,' arrived. The ten thousand infantry and the thousand horse that they had with them, were joined on their route by all the noblesse of the country, which had momentarily been threatened with a renewal of the Jacquerie and Pastoureaux. The duke applied himself to recal the revolvers to their duty by kindness. Montmorency marched on Bordeaux in order of battle, preceded by eighteen pieces of artillery; and showing these to the jurats, when they humbly presented themselves before him with the keys of the city, 'Begone,' said he, 'begone with your keys, I will have nothing to do with them. I bring other keys with me,' pointing to his guns, 'which will open for me a door wider than yours.' He then made his entry, sword in hand, drums beating and colours flying; and, by his orders, they set up at the square of the Hotel de Ville a multitude of gallowses and scaffolds. More than a hundred citizens were put to death; Bois Menir, and another chief named Talamarque, were crowned with red hot iron, and broken alive on the wheel. Puirmoreau, being regarded as a gentleman, was spared a more severe death than beheading. A hundred and twenty citizens, followed by all the jurats, alarmed by this rigour, went in mourning habits to the place where the body of Monnoies reposed. They exhumed him with their hands, and carried the coffin on their shoulders before the hotel of the constable, where they all threw themselves on their knees, crying 'Mercy! Mercy!' Bordeaux was at length excused, on paying a ransom of two hundred thousand livres, being deprived of its privileges, the title deeds of which were committed to the flames. The constable afterwards returned to court by the way of Poitou, trampling on privileges, breaking the bells which had been used to sound the tocsin, and leaving everywhere the acknowledged chiefs of the revolt suspended on the gibbets which he had erected (1548)."

One crime is laid to his charge which every reader of history has seen imputed to a human butcher of more recent date, and of our own country. Kirk, whose name has been associated with that of the execrated Jeffries, is reported, somewhat ambiguously, to have exacted from a beautiful female a cruel price for the pardon of her husband, lover, or brother, as is variously stated, and then to have inhumanly disappointed her. It is not improbable that in this as in other enormities, Kirk

was content to imitate De Montmorency. The story, however, is more distinctly told by M. Millin.

"Among the magistrates condemned to death was one named Lestonat. His wife, who was young and beautiful, threw herself at the feet of the constable, and in tears implored that her husband might be pardoned. The pious Catholic, more affected by the personal charms of the suppliant than touched by her distress, gave her to understand that on one condition only the offender could be spared. The distracted wife submitted to save the unhappy man. Having passed the night with the constable, in the morning he led her to a window, from which he showed her the corpse of the husband for whom she had sacrificed herself suspended from a gallows,"—at the same time mocking her grief, anguish, and despair in words not unlike in meaning to those which Pomfret puts into the mouth of his Neronior (Kirk)—

"Does not that wretch who would dethrone his king,  
Become the gibbet and adorn the string."

SCARRON'S DEDICATION.—The celebrated comic writer, Paul Scarron, in dedicating one of his books to Louis XIV, who afterwards became the husband of his widow, addressed that vain monarch as follows:—"To do me a little good would be doing yourself no great hurt; if you do me a little good, I shall be more cheerful than I am; if I were more cheerful, my comedies would be merrier; if my comedies were merrier, your majesty would be more diverted; if your majesty were more diverted, your money would not be thrown away on me. All these conclusions hold together so naturally, that methinks I could not resist them, were I a great monarch, instead of being a miserable indigent creature." A pension was granted.

EMBALMED KINGS.—In his late paper on embalming, M. Marchal, speaking of the old processes of immersion or incision, showing the superiority of the former, and mentioning, as one instance of that superiority, that "the body of Louis XIV, which was embalmed, with aromatic powders, by incision into all the cavities, was found in a state of liquid putrefaction; whereas, the body of Louis XV, which was simply covered with salt, remained in a perfect state of preservation." This is a very strong fact, but its correctness may be doubted, as the corpse of Louis XV is stated in history to have become such a mass of putrefaction almost the moment he had ceased to breathe, that no one could approach to embalm it, and it was hastily interred, spirits of wine having been poured on the remains to neutralize the intolerable odour which they gave forth.



*Arms.* Or, three piles, sa., within a double treasure flory, counterflory, gu.; on a chief of the second, a rose between two escallops, ar.

*Crest.* An eagle, or.

*Supporters.* Dexter, a dapple grey horse, regardant bridled, ppr.; sinister, a peasant of Andalusia, habited and bearing on the exterior shoulder a hoe, ppr.

*Motto.* "Candide et secure." "Open and secure."

### THE NOBLE HOUSE OF LYNEDOCH.

To speak of the House of Lynedoch is perhaps a misnomer, as that title granted to one splendid man, has expired with him. The late Lord Lynedoch came from the same stock from which the Dukes of Montrose are descended. Sir William Graham, of Kincardine, was living in the early part of the fifteenth century. By his first wife he became grandfather of Patrick Lord Graham, ancestor of the Duke of Montrose. By his second lady he had two sons. That lady was Mary Stewart, daughter of King Robert III, and relict of George, Earl of Angus, by whom he had two other sons: first, Sir Robert Graham, of Strathearn, who married Jane, daughter and heir of Sir Richard Lovell, of Balumbie, and had two sons, Robert, ancestor of the Grahams of Fintry, and John, ancestor of the Grahams of Claverhouse, the progenitors of the gallant Viscount Dundee. The other sons mentioned were Patrick, Archbishop of St Andrews, papal nuncio in 1471, and William, from whom lineally descended John James John, and Thomas Graham, Esq., of Balgawan, whose great grandson, Thomas Graham, Esq., married Christian, fourth daughter of Charles, first Earl of Hopetoun; and by her, who died in 1799, he left an only son, who eventually became Lord Lynedoch.

A more remarkable career than that ran by this distinguished nobleman, who has just sunk to rest, is hardly on record. It was not a passion for military glory that animated him in early life to a course of action which has led to such great results. He commenced life a country gentleman.

The classical attainments of his father, and the many elegant accomplishments of his mother, were directed to the education of their son, who, owing to the death of both his elder brothers, had become heir to the family estate. The judicious and careful education which he received, produced in him an extraordinary aptitude for study,

and in his mind faculties early developed were fully matured by an extensive European tour. He was born at Balgowan, Perthshire, in the year 1750. In 1774 his father died, and in the same year he married the Hon. Mary Cathcart, one of the three daughters of the ninth Lord Cathcart; and it is a remarkable fact that two other daughters of the same noble lord were married on the same day. Thus we find Mr Graham apparently settled down for life; and he continued in the enjoyment of great domestic felicity, surrounded by many estimable and attached friends, for a period of nearly twenty years. He had by this time attained the mature age of two-and-forty, and to all external seeming was one of the last men likely to enter upon a military life.

In 1792, however, his domestic happiness was brought to a termination by the death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. The effect of this melancholy event proved sufficient almost to unsettle the mind of Mr Graham. His grief was so deep and lasting as greatly to injure his health, and he was recommended to travel, with a view of alleviating the one and restoring the other by change of scene and variety of objects. At Gibraltar he fell into military society, and there he first conceived the possibility of obtaining some respite from his sorrows by devoting himself to the profession of arms.

Lord Hood was then about to sail for the south of France, and Mr Graham had recently been a traveller in that country. He therefore gladly acceded to his proposition to accompany him as a volunteer. We find him, in the year 1793, landing with the British troops at Toulon, and serving as extra aide-de-camp to Lord Mulgrave (father to the present Marquis of Normanby), who was the general commanding-in-chief, and who marked by his particular thanks the gallant and able services of the elderly gentleman who had thus volunteered to be his aide-de-camp.



He was always foremost in the attack; and on one occasion, at the head of a column, when a private soldier fell, Mr Graham took up his musket and supplied his place in the front rank.

On returning to this country, he raised the first battalion of the 90th regiment, of which he was appointed Colonel-Commandant on the 10th of February, 1794. This regiment formed part of the army under the command of Lord Moira (afterwards Marquis of Hastings). It passed the summer of 1795 at Isle Dieu, whence it proceeded to Gibraltar. On the 22nd of July, 1795, the rank of colonel in the army was conferred upon Mr Graham.

At Gibraltar, he endured for a short time the idleness inseparable from garrison duty in so strong a place; but a continuance of such a life proved intolerable to him, and he therefore obtained permission to join the Austrian army. His connexion with that service continued during the summer of 1796, taking the opportunities which his position presented him of sending to the British government intelligence of the military operations and diplomatic measures adopted by the commanders and sovereigns of the continent. It is well known that his despatches at this period evinced, in a remarkable degree, the great talents and characteristic energy of the writer.

During the investment of the city of Mantua he was shut up there for some time with General Wurmsur; but, incapable of continuing unemployed, he made his escape under cover of night.

Early in 1797 he returned to England; but, in the following autumn, joined his regiment at Gibraltar, whence he proceeded to the attack of Minorca with Sir Charles Stuart, who bestowed the warmest eulogiums on the skill and valour displayed by Colonel Graham.

Not long after this, the Colonel, with the local rank of Brigadier, besieged the island of Malta, having under his command the 30th and 89th regiments, and some corps embodied under his immediate direction. Brigadier-General Graham, aware of the prodigious strength of the place, resorted to a blockade, and the French held out till September, 1800; when, after a resistance of two years' duration, the place surrendered. On the completion of this service, General Graham came home for a few months; and, again anxious for active service, proceeded to Egypt, but before his arrival that country had been completely conquered. He returned through Turkey, making some stay at Constantinople, and during the peace of Amiens resided for a short time at Paris. His active and enterprising spirit had now to endure a period of repose. In 1808, however, he proceeded with Sir

John Moore to Sweden, where he availed himself of that opportunity to traverse the country in all directions. Shortly afterwards Moore was ordered to Spain, and General Graham served there during the whole campaign of 1808. On his return to England he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and appointed to command a division in the expedition to Malta, but having been attacked with fever, he was obliged to come home. In February, 1811, having previously been raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General, he took the command of an expedition to attack the rear of the French army that was then blockading Cadiz, an operation which led to the memorable battle of Barossa, the military details of which would much exceed the limits assignable to such an outline of Lord Lynedoch's brilliant career as it is now intended to present. The thanks of Parliament were voted to Lieutenant-General Graham and the brave force under his command; and never were thanks more nobly earned or bestowed in a manner more honourable to those who offered, and those who received them. He was at that time a member of the House of Commons, and in his place in Parliament he received that mark of a nation's gratitude. In acknowledging the honour thus conferred on him, General Graham spoke as follows:—"I have formerly often heard you, sir, eloquently and impressively deliver the thanks of the house to officers present, and never without an anxious wish that I might one day receive this most enviable mark of my country's regard. This honest ambition is now fully gratified, and I am more than ever bound to try to merit the good opinion of the house."

Barossa was to Lord Lynedoch what Almaraz was to Lord Hill, and Albuera to Lord Beresford. Eclipsed and outnumbered as these victories had been by those which the great duke achieved, they still were to the commanders who led our forces on those memorable occasions the greatest events of their lives, and the sources of their most signal triumphs.

After these series of events, General Graham joined the army under the Duke of Wellington; but from ill-health was obliged to revisit England for a short period. Early in 1813, however, he returned to the Peninsula, and commanded the left wing of the British army at the ever-memorable battle of Vittoria. Mr Abbott, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and afterwards Lord Colchester, in alluding to General Graham's distinguished career at this period, stated that it was "a name never to be mentioned in our military annals without the strongest expression of respect and admiration;" and Mr Sheridan, speaking of the various excellences, personal and professional, which

adorned his character, said, "I have known him in private life; and never was there seated a loftier spirit in a braver heart." Alluding to his services in the retreat of the British army to Corunna—in which Sir John Moore, the general in command, was killed—he continued, "In the hour of peril, Graham was their best adviser; in the hour of disaster Graham was their surest consolation."

He commanded the army employed in the memorable siege of the town and citadel of St Sebastian. He commanded also the left wing of the British army at the passage of the Bidassoa, but soon after, in consequence of ill health, he was obliged to resign his command to Sir John Hope. In 1814 he was appointed to a command in Holland, and on the 3rd of May in the same year he again received the thanks of Parliament, and was raised to the peerage, having previously been created a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and subsequently a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St Michael and St George. He was likewise a Knight of the Tower and Sword in Portugal.

For many years he represented his native county in Parliament; and he had, therefore, the gratification, as already stated, of receiving the thanks of the House of Commons in his place as a member. In 1821, he received the rank of general and the governorship of Dumbarton Castle.

As years advanced, and the infirmities of age began to accumulate, Lord Lynedoch found the climate of Italy better calculated to sustain his declining energies than the atmosphere and temperature of his own country; he, therefore, spent much time on the Continent; but, on a recent occasion, so anxious was he to manifest his sense of loyalty and his personal attachment to the Queen, that, when her majesty visited Scotland, he came home from Switzerland for the express purpose of paying his duty to her majesty in the metropolis of his native land.

His lordship expired on Monday night, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, at his town residence, Stratton street, having for several days been very seriously and alarmingly indisposed. The titles of this great man are extinct. He leaves behind him no descendants to be stimulated by his example, or to derive honour from his fame.

It is a curious fact that the Duke of Wellington fought his last battle at an earlier period of life than that in which Lord Lynedoch "fleshed his maiden sword." It is also not unworthy of remark, that we are now accustomed to regard the duke himself as preserving his vigour to a surprisingly advanced age, when, in fact, the subject of this memoir was old enough to have been the father of his grace.

## MR SNEEZE AND HIS DRAMA.

(By the Author of "George Godfrey.")

### CHAPTER II.

*Mr Sneeze goes to the Theatre and is received with all the attention which Managers and Actors think due to clever Authors—He reads his Play, and great improvements are suggested—It is rehearsed in the usual way, and important alterations are made to fit it for the Theatre.*

At the time which had been named I presented myself at the theatre, at least I was only five minutes after the hour, for which I proposed duly to apologise, and indeed to prove that I was less in fault than the clocks, which, by their usual want of agreement, are but too frequently the cause of disagreements among friends.

I might have spared myself this trouble, for nobody complained that I was not sufficiently early. The reading of a play I had supposed was treated as a very momentous affair. Garrick and the members of his green-room, as drawn forth in the well-known picture, were in my eye, and I expected to find all the corps of Grunt's theatre assembled in due form, and exhibiting in their countenances evidence of eager, but at the same time rational expectation.

My self-love was rather wounded when I found that, though it was now a quarter-past the time named by the manager himself, neither he nor any of his actors thought it necessary to appear. In the course of the next half hour several of the performers dropped in. To them I expressed surprise at the mistake which had occurred. They smiled, and as many as three of them had the benevolence to comfort me by saying, "Such things will happen in the best-regulated families"—that being the standing stereotyped joke applicable to all disappointments like mine by the professors of the stage.

In about an hour and a half the manager came, and several more of the players also attended, but the lady named for the heroine was absent. This surprised me, as I understood strict discipline was the order of the day at this "admirably managed theatre," as it was usually termed by the impartial pen of Mr Sinister, in Mr Bounce's paper and other independent journals. Mr Sinister explained that she was severely indisposed, and that he was likely to be correctly informed I am convinced, as it afterwards came to my knowledge that he had but just quitted her lodgings. Imperfect as the muster was I read my manuscript, and, bating a little hesitation in my speech, which I have had from childhood, got on pretty well. The actors laughed repeatedly, as I understood, at the wit and humour of my performance. Mr Grunt did not give it all the attention which I thought it deserved. He was

fully occupied during the greater part of the reading in writing orders, reading letters, or issuing directions to the servants of the theatre, which were often delivered in as loud a tone as if no business of importance, like the reading of my play, had been in progress.

When it was finished all really seemed very much pleased, and Mr Sinister declared himself quite delighted with "the gig of the thing;" at the same time he candidly informed me that, though for two years he had been in correspondence with me on the subject, he had never seen it till within the last week. That it would answer, got up as it was sure to be there, he did not allow himself for a moment to doubt; at the same time the public were so stupid and capricious that it was quite impossible to say what would be the result. He, however, in a tone of the greatest kindness added that he thought it might yet be improved, if I would allow him to mention what had struck him on going over it, some day when we could sit down for half an hour alone. To this, with my usual urbanity, I assented. I thought the day for acting on his suggestion was slow to arrive, but it did come. Sinister then, with what he termed "the freedom of a friend," pointed out the parts which might be made, not better, but fitter for the stage. These were not few, and I must own I was too dull to understand in what way most of them could operate for the benefit of the piece.

"One thing, in particular, strikes me," said Sinister; "you see there is not enough of it."

I readily admitted that, from the abundance of the incidents and the vivacity of the dialogue, it did not at all surprise me that it should seem short to him, but I could nevertheless assure him that if he would count the pages and look to the contents of each, he would find that there was matter enough to make two long acts.

"I am aware of that," he replied, "but what I mean is this, there is not enough, looking at my standing in the theatre, for me; I could not give your piece all the support I should wish by appearing in it myself, being only a farce in two acts. If it were a full play the case would be different, and both Grunt and myself could serve you without letting ourselves down."

I mentioned to him that he had been in the habit of playing in two-act dramas, and even in one-act farces, and I mentioned a dozen at least which then occurred to me in which I had seen him.

"That is true," said he, "I have acted in the pieces you mention, and would do as much now to oblige you, but an author of your genius and ready wit could soon furnish another act, and then the whole would form a work which, like *Hamlet*,

*Cato*, and *Jonathan Bradford*, would not only delight the town for a season, but transmit the author's name with unfading glory down to the remotest posterity."

Mr Sinister was thought to be no fool. So it appeared to me then. That he should expect a man of my "genius and ready wit" could speedily write a third act to a play was but reasonable, and I determined to show him that this high opinion which he had formed of my capacity was well founded. With this feeling I took my play home and went to work. In less than a week I had completed the third act, which was to transmit my name, *crecam laude roens*, to the remotest posterity, cheek-by-jowl with *Shakspeare*, *Addison*, and *Fitzball*! I returned it to the theatre. Mr Sinister could not attend to it for the first week, but by the close of the second he had read it and approved of it vastly; though still there were passages in which it might be rendered even more perfect. What, however, would unquestionably make the fortune of my play was a few songs. It would be no trouble for me to supply them, and the public now, though possessed of no real taste in music, were all mad for sing-song. These furnished, it should be put in rehearsal and forthwith produced.

Though tired of alterations and impatient of delay, I hardly repined at this new requisition, as I had always a taste for poetry, and had some songs by me which would suit the piece exactly. I proceeded to furnish them up with great diligence.

It did not take me more than three or four days to produce an adequate supply of doves, loves, and dew, and violets blue, roses, lilies, streaks of orient day, and dancing moonbeams, and these, properly worked in, I certainly thought must do good. I and my family were now on the tiptoe of expectation, and nothing appeared in the way to prevent my admired production coming on the stage, and adding my name to the list of splendid men who had consecrated their talents to the service of the drama.

But that it might be thought trespassing too largely on the reader's patience, I should here dwell at some length on the delightful calm I enjoyed after the suspense, excitement, and irritation which I had known in the progress of the weighty affair which had thus happily terminated. Mr Grunt was sedately civil, which gave me a very high idea of the goodness of his heart, and if not quite so cordial and familiar as I might have wished, that was more than made up for by the captivating freedom with which Mr Sinister always called me by my Christian name Peter, or else "old chap," clapped me on the shoulder as often as he came near me, and generally responded to any lively sally of mine by

winking with one, if not with both of his eyes, or placing his thumb on his nose, which actions passed with me, as indeed they did generally behind the scenes, for something truly facetious.

Such were my first impressions after "my drama" had been accepted. They were not destined long to continue mine. I soon found that my new friends, Grunt and Sinister, were not very much better than the rest of the world, and though I might not go quite so far as Mr Bounce did, I certainly often recalled, with something like assenting approbation, the rather unfavourable sentence pronounced on managers by that gentleman—namely, that they were the greatest hypocrites, fools, and humbugs in the world.

Mr Grunt had the reputation of having written several successful plays, and from him I confidently expected to receive the friendly advice of a brother author. Proud, however, of applause which he had never deserved,—for the dramas called his, I learned, had been almost wholly stolen from certain popular novels, and supplied with songs, and otherwise patched up, by a clever, witty, but mad ragamuffin, who was in the habit of doing such jobs for fifteen shillings per play, and a bottle of Booth's best Geneva,—proud, I say, of eminence thus gained, Mr Grunt, when I expected we should grow more friendly, looked down upon me with a sort of "who-the-devil-are-you" expression in his face, and a steady determination to worry me and destroy my piece.

"We shall only be bothered with this one night," was his frequent exclamation when my back was turned. Had this been all I should not have thought there was very much reason to complain, considering it merely as the expression of an opinion, but if I may judge from what he did, he was fixed to "make assurance doubly sure," and though content that great and liberal allowance for his indisputable stupidity should be conceded, I am constrained to believe that some of the absurd outrages offered to common sense on this occasion sprang purely from malice in the supercilious old brute.

The character given to him belonged to a class—that of dignified old fathers, in which, as an actor, he had been formerly successful. Sinister was to be the hero, and this arrangement, which I proposed, thinking it would meet with his entire concurrence, gave great annoyance to Mr Grunt, as to him it appeared little less than a personal insult to hint that at sixty-five, he being properly padded and buttoned up in a braided coat, with a flaxen wig, and as much red paint on his face as would suffice to mark a flock of sheep, could not look the youthful lover. Sinister told me this, and laughed like a fiend while

he imparted the secret, that "the old fool's *susque-pedality* of form would certainly appear to greater advantage where youth, activity, and a good person were not only desirable but indispensably necessary."

Sinister was certainly better suited for the part which, but for his visage,—that of a starved monkey,—he might have got through with great credit. The character of a low, blundering, mischievous steward, at which they both turned up their noses, was given to Snubby, a droll fellow of short stature, who from that circumstance, as well as from his being commonly confined to business which gave him only a few speeches to utter, was called a man of "small parts."

A rehearsal was called for the next morning at eleven, and as I was told punctuality was the order of the day, I was alarmed at finding, on my way to the theatre, that my watch was too slow, and that I should again be behind time. When I got there I found that I had been unnecessarily alarmed. It was half-past twelve before I saw any one connected with my piece, excepting Snubby, who whispered, that to name one hour for the next but one after it was the regular practice.

At the time I have mentioned Grunt came, but was obliged to go away that moment, on business of the last importance, and Sinister was so ill that he could not leave his bed. It was therefore rehearsed without the two leading characters, which the lessee and manager were to sustain, by Snubby and a lisping slattern, who was to play the female part. I was alarmed at these symptoms of neglect, and expressed a fear that the piece would not go well if more attention was not given to it from behind the curtain. This brought upon me something like a rebuke from Captain Snuff, a very dignified officer of the establishment, who had served, as I learned from himself, in the army with great distinction, though he now officiated in the box office for thirty shillings a-week;—this gentleman, I say, assured me that I need be under no apprehension, as both Mr Grunt and Mr Sinister were invariably "letter correct." The truth of the statement Dr Deathshead, Grunt's brother-in-law, confirmed with an oath. I was disturbed at the substitution of the female I have mentioned for Miss Prattley, who had first been put down in the cast, nor was my mind much relieved when I found that the change would not be of much importance, as the character had been so vigorously cut down that little or nothing remained for her to say. As such curtailment was decidedly injurious to the piece I resolved to mention it to Mr Rat-tleton the next day. I did so. He treated me with his very best shrug on the occasion, and said—

"It is very foolish in him, I confess; but the fact is Grunt is getting so infernally old, that he ought to give up altogether. He has been cutting my part, too. Between ourselves, he finds his memory fail; and though he might ram some of the words into his stupid, thick head, he knows he could not keep them there, and he has in consequence knocked out several of the points of my part, that I may not take the shine out of him too much."

"And longer had he spake;" but just then Mr Grunt approached. He was rather more gracious than usual to-day, and said, "he hoped we should make some progress that morning. He had been actively engaged in forwarding the business."

I thanked him.

"It is," said he, "what I would not do for every one. We have sometimes a pack of monkey prigs writing for the stage, who, as they have heard Shakspeare never blotted a line, think a line of theirs is never, on any occasion, to be blotted. Gentlemen may think they can write, but we—we know what will act. We have been on the ice so often, that we know where it is likely to crack."

I said, "no doubt," but could not help thinking it was very odd, with such unerring taste, formed by experience, to regulate matters beforehand, that it happened so few of the dramas recently produced had met with a favourable reception.

"This," said he turning over the leaves of my manuscript, "is still too long; so much dialogue will never do."

I pointed out to him that in the part to which he referred there was a banquet and several incidents, while the speeches, though they occupied a good deal of paper, were all short, and would take up little time in the delivery.

"Too much," said he; "I know what an audience is. A feast, too,—that never tells on the stage. They won't stand it. We had better get rid of it altogether."

For a moment I looked aghast, but just caught a glance of the crew that surrounded us. They testified perfect approbation of the Solomon-like wisdom of the sentence just pronounced, while a grin, with difficulty restrained, seemed ready to burst forth in derision of my agony and confusion.

I disguised my intolerable sufferings under a forced smile of cheerful acknowledgement. Had I been in a condition to give vent to my real feelings I am afraid I should have sent a shot through my tormentor's head.

"Here, again," said Mr Grunt, "we are too long,—fixing his dull malignant eye on one of the best scenes in the piece. It is not here as at the great houses, where the audience are accustomed to wait for effects.

Touch and go with us, and every word must tell for something. These speeches, you will see"—

Here a porter or servant presented a note, which Mr Grunt opened. I saw it contained a notice of a bill lying for payment, and the bringer said the person who came with it waited for an answer.

"Then tell him," said the great man, "that I have left the theatre, and he must call some other day. These speeches," Mr Grunt continued—

Another porter interrupted him, with "Lady Snagville's compliments, and her ladyship would feel obliged if he could favour her with a few orders for Monday."

"An unconscionable old cat," he exclaimed. "She and her snuffling, beggarly beast of a husband, are the most impudent order-beggars in the universe. My opinion is they pay their butcher's bills with them. I wish they were both below the bottom of the bottomless pit, with all my heart."

While breathing this aspiration he was occupied filling up an order, which done he handed to the messenger, at the same time desiring "his best compliments to Lady Snagville," with the addition, "that he was most happy to do himself the pleasure of complying with her request, and begged to send his kind regards to Sir Charles."

Notwithstanding this effort at politeness, the indignation of the manager was not appeased. I thought the glow of resentment not unnatural, interrupted as he had been when engaged on a work of such great interest to him as well as to me. He now resumed his labour, and without uttering a word drew, with a ferocious air, his pen from the top to the bottom of a page.

I shrunk back, and then started forward, at beholding this outrage. Scarcely could I believe my eyes. Not only was the scene which he was thus destroying most important in itself, but it contained points to which reference was repeatedly made in the sequel. This I mentioned.

"Then cut them all out," replied Mr Grunt; "depend upon it we must go by a stop watch; nothing like a stop watch for regulating the length of a piece."

While he spoke, the two succeeding pages shared the fate of the one for which I was interceding. I was petrified. Silence, they say, gives consent, but I will be hanged if it did on this occasion. Shame and grief, however, caused me to look on tongue bound, while he continued the same course of butchery to the end of the manuscript, not even reading as he proceeded the passages which he decided to omit.

I saw the actors turn their heads away repeatedly. This was to laugh, for to them my tribulation was quite as amusing as I had expected my play would be to an

audience. When Grunt retired they came round me and complimented me on the firmness with which I had borne the infliction. They had seen authors quite upset by the process.

Though I was in a high fever, I attempted a calm gentlemanly tone, and said, I only wrote for amusement, and had not the egotism of some nor the anxiety of others, who depended for their livelihood on the stage, but still as Mr Grunt had now reduced the best scenes in the play, I began to doubt if it could succeed.

They assured me that it was quite safe. Mr Grunt, though he used the pruning knife rather too freely sometimes, knew what he was about, and I should find it go well enough.

To Sinister I spoke to the same effect, but, regarding him as a friend, in a graver tone.

"It is vexatious," he replied; "but, my dear boy, 'such things will happen in the best regulated families.' I can't help it: you see what an obstinate old son of a feminine bow-wow it is. However, old chap, never mind, it will do very well, after all."

"How does the composer get on?" I asked; "I have not heard any of the music yet?"

"What music, my boy?"

"For the songs, the opening chorus, and finale."

"Oh! didn't I mention it? the songs are all cut out."

"The devil they are," said I, with some warmth, for my temper began now to get considerably the worse for wear, "why, what will he cut out next?"

"Curse me if I can tell. You see what work we have with this muddling old pump. I suppose you had no idea of it before, old chap."

Suppressing as well as I could the fury and the grief which filled my bosom, I asked my friend Rattleton what under the circumstances I had better do?

"You have nothing for it," said he, "but to let him have his way."

"But he has spoiled the play," said I; "there is scarcely a tolerable point left. The songs, too, which were added at your particular request, ought at least to be retained."

Rattleton admitted that the piece was much injured by the tomahawk doings of the manager, but still comforted me by saying enough remained to "*bring them down*," if it were well acted.

I went home writhing with rage and sorrow. Here my wife and daughter entertained me with a string of inquiries about the rehearsal. They were full of exultation at the near approach of the grand night; but I gave such short, snappish answers, that they were not a little

disconcerted at them, and could not guess at the cause. My wife said, "I was now a greater bear than ever, and I need not make quite such a fuss about it, as if no-body had ever written a play but myself!"

It was not pride, but shame, that made me thus unamiable; and I gloomily soliloquized on this subject, debating with myself whether I should let my spoiled drama go to the stage in its present mutilated state. To withdraw it after all the trouble I had had was wormwood, and I wanted courage to go through anything like the same exercises again at another theatre. It had been announced with such pomp to all my friends that I had a play coming out, that I felt the ridicule which must fall on me, if it did not appear at last, would be too much for human patience. Eventually I endeavoured to draw consolation from the assurance Mr Rattleton had given that it would still please, resigned myself to my fate, and made up my mind to suffer so much of my production to be exhibited as they were disposed to act.

Why the manager should take the course he had pursued I could not guess, till Snubby informed me that the author of the theatre, Mr Downfall, who was engaged at a salary of a hundred pounds per annum to write tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, interlude, and pantomime, at a moment's notice, had the superintendence of all that came into this house from other hands, and took care to expunge all that was likely to please, lest the success of another should abate his importance; in a word, that under pretence of improving, he took care to damage to the extent of his ability, which in this way was certainly considerable, whatever came within his reach.

After this hint I thought I understood the game that had been played, but still clung to a hope that the merit of some of the scenes which had escaped his withering touch would win such favour with the public, that I should be able to get others restored. With this feeling I attended the next and succeeding rehearsals, and submitted to see the devoted offspring of my genius further lacerated; till at length Mr Grunt thought, as with reason he might, that it was suitable for his "admirably managed theatre," and sufficiently contemptible for representation.

### Miscellaneous.

ANECDOTE OF EARL ST VINCENT AND GEORGE III. — After Earl St Vincent's flag was struck for the last time, the King commanded the presence of his great Admiral at a private audience. The King, in the course of the interview, said, "Well, Lord St Vincent, you have now quitted



active service, as you say, for ever—tell me, do you think the naval service is better or worse than when you first entered it?" Lord St Vincent—"Very much worse, may it please your Majesty." The King, very quickly—"How so? how so?" Lord St Vincent—"Sire, I have always thought that a sprinkling of nobility was very desirable, as it gives consequence to the service; but at present the navy is so overrun by the younger branches of the nobility, and the sons of members of parliament, and they so swallow up all the patronage, and so choke the channel to promotion, that the son of an old officer, however meritorious both their services may have been, has little or no chance of getting on." The King—"Pray, who was serving Captain of the Fleet under your Lordship?" Lord St Vincent—"Rear Admiral Osborne, Sire, the son of an old officer." The King—"Osborne, Osborne! I think there are more than one of that name admirals." Lord St Vincent—"Yes, Sire, there are three brothers, all admirals. The King—"That's pretty well for democracy, I think." Lord St Vincent—"Sire, the father of those officers served twenty years as first lieutenant with my dear friend Admiral Barrington, who had never sufficient interest to get him beyond the rank of commander. He was, of necessity, obliged to send all his sons to sea, and, to my own knowledge, they never had anything more than their pay to live on; nevertheless they always appeared as gentlemen; they were self educated, and they got on in the service upon the strength of their own merits alone; and, Sire, I hope your Majesty will pardon me for saying I would rather promote the son of an old deserving officer than of any noble in the land." The King mused for a minute or two, and then said, "I think you're right, Lord St Vincent, quite right."—*Tucker.*

EFFECT OF GOVERNMENTS ON DISEASE. —Political institutions, if they do not create the tendency to insanity, powerfully affect its development; sometimes by overwhelming the imagination with fear, sometimes by necessitating a perpetual excitement which totally overthrows the mind. Government operates also in many other ways upon the frame. Raymond, for example, observes in his 'History of Elephantiasis,' that that dreadful complaint is almost peculiar to despotic countries. And this seeming paradox is probably at bottom true, for by paralysing industry, more particularly that which is bestowed on agriculture, it prevents the proper cultivation of the soil, suffers the course of rivers to be obstructed, creates marshes and accumulations of fetid waters, and thus produces those miasmata which seem to be the proximate cause of elephantiasis. This disease attacks the inferior animals much

less frequently, I believe, than man; but I once observed, near the crocodile mining pits, an ox afflicted by it coming down to the Nile to drink; his foot and leg were enormously enlarged.

THEATRICALS IN NEW ZEALAND.—At the Ship hotel in the new town of Wellington, theatrical performances are given, and, according to the following notice of an entertainment on the 11th of May, with rather better success than some of our first rate playhouses have had in the mother country:—"The place was crowded to excess, and we observed that the boxes were filled with the principal merchants, and also several aldermen with their fair friends, whose beaming eyes eclipsed in brightness the chandelier, and threw its light far in the shade. From two to three hundred persons were obliged to walk back to their homes without catching a sight, as the door-keepers were compelled to refuse admittance. The performances consisted of 'A Ghost in spite of Himself,' some singing and recitations, and the 'Village Lawyer.' Though the actors did not equal the great stars of the other hemisphere, still for a place at the antipodes it was fair."

COURT PRIVILEGES.—To the instances lately quoted of individuals being permitted to appear covered in the presence of the kings of England, the following may be added:—Francis Browne, of Tolethorpe, in the county of Rutland, Esquire, in reward of the good services of his father against Richard the Third, by his fair adherence to Henry the Seventh, the patent, excusing him from even bearing the office of sheriff or escheator, and from serving upon any jury at the assizes, &c., as well as the liberty of being covered in the presence of the king himself, or any of his nobility. The Ancestor of Lord Forrester, of Willey park, Shropshire, John Forrester, Esq., of Watling street, held from Henry the Eighth the privilege of wearing his hat in the presence of his majesty; the original grant remaining in his lordship's possession. And in a later reign, Henry Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, Queen Mary's general, also obtained this peculiar privilege of wearing his hat in the royal presence.

### The Gatherer.

Death of Sir William Jones.—The dissolution of the great and virtuous present the finest morals for the edification of mankind. On the authority of Mr Maurice, in his 'Elegy on Sir William Jones,' it is stated, that "the last hour of the life of that good man was marked by a solemn act of devotion." Finding his dissolution rapidly approaching, he desired his attendants to carry him into an inner apartment, where, at his desire, they left him. Returning

after a short interval, they found him in a kneeling posture, with his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed towards heaven. As they were removing him, he died!

*Roman History.*—One of the grandest projects in modern times was M. Niebuhr's 'History of Rome.' "From the night of remote antiquity, in which all that the most anxious inquiry could aspire to, was to discern the chief masses of society in ancient Italy, down to the period when a second night buried in almost equal darkness all that had been seen to arise, grow old, and decay."

*The Fatal Wedding Night.*—Dr Mead, in his 'Essay on Poisons,' relates a case of a young man in Scotland, who was bit by a mad dog, and married the same morning. He spent (as is usual) that whole day, till late in the night, in mirth, dancing, and drinking. In the morning he was found in bed, raving mad; his bride (horrible spectacle!) dead by him, torn open with his teeth, and her entrails twisted round his bloody hands.

*Towns under Water.*—In the south of Ireland a notion has prevailed that some of the lakes cover ancient towns. Crofton Croker writes:—

"O'er Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,

When the clear cold eve's declining,  
He sees the round towers of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining."

*Deformity turned to Profit.*—During the infatuated mania of Law's Mississippi Scheme in Paris, 1720, the brokers and speculators used to rendezvous in a street called the *Rue Quinquempoix*, where a hump-backed man gained, in a short time, fifty thousand livres, by letting his hump as a writing desk (for which purpose, it seems, its shape was peculiarly well calculated), to those persons who wanted to sign their names in the street, for the transfer of notes, or other purposes relating to the traffic.—*Memoirs of the Regency*, vol. ii, p. 31, quoted by Gifford, in his *History of France*, 1795.

*Saint Winifred.*—The great fame of this saint need not be told, as the miracles which the odour of her surpassing sanctity performed were numberless. A bell belonging to the Abbey at Shrewsbury, it is said, christened in honour of her, was endowed with extensive attributes. On being tolled, it allayed storms, diverted thunderbolts, and drove away the devil, with all other evil, from the fortunate monks, who had themselves ended it with such powers.

*The Devil missing.*—In the ancient mythology it does not appear that the earth was supposed to be troubled with the presence of any great evil spirit. The giants, like Satan and his compeers, had reared their daring fronts against the King of

Heaven; but were thrust down never to rise again, and were not suffered, like Beelzebub, to frighten children, or play bagpipes to dancing hags.

*A French Funeral.*—In various nations the ceremonies connected with the interment of the dead differ extremely from each other. In France, a funeral is sometimes made a triumph. When Lamarque was committed to the earth, the spectacle exhibited was a magnificent sight, the flood of French and foreigners pressing forward in silence in close columns of three miles long, with flags of twenty different countries flying over the coffin of Lamarque, and men of all nations uniting in an expression of respect to the remains of the gallant friend of free men all over the world. The funeral moved off under shouts of *Vive la liberté. Vive Lafayette!*

*Resist Temptation in Time.*—A perfect knowledge of human nature was in the prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation.' No man ever resists temptation, after it has begun to be temptation. It is in the outworks of the habits that the defence must lie. No apprentice ever refrained from his master's gold, after his eye had once begun to gloat upon it, and he had got over the habitual feeling which made any approach to its appropriation an impossibility. No Joseph ever resisted, except through the impulse of pure fear, after he had once begun to revolve the possibility of giving way.—*Westminster Review*.

*Low Amusement.*—The list of public amusements in the *Times* of Tuesday, ends with the *Thames Tunnel*. This is going down with a vengeance:

"And in the lower deep a deeper still."

—Mr Coles, in his odd poetical advertisement, gives a startling account of the sufferings of royalty. Etiquette is an awful thing if it can prevent a good courtier from telling an afflicted king how he might obtain relief.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The usual Supplementary Number, with Index, &c., will be ready in a few days. To do justice to the splendid Engravings with which it will be enriched, it was necessary that they should be worked with peculiar care, which rendered some delay inevitable.

Mr Moore's question respecting the statistics of land for 1843 has not been neglected, but safely to answer it is not easy. If the object immediately in view were stated, perhaps we could assist him. Information for the current year he can hardly obtain but from the periodicals of the day.

New books are sent to the British Museum, but are not brought into the library till they have been bound, which often causes a considerable delay.

The sonnet descriptive of December is rather out of place this year.

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